

## An Unknown Angel.

She walks unnoticed in the street;  
The casual eye  
Sees nothing in her fair or sweet;  
The world goes by  
Unconscious that an angel's feet  
Are passing night.

She little has of beauty's wealth;  
Truth will allow  
Only her precious youth and health,  
Her glowing, white brow;  
Yet grows she on the heart by stealth,  
I scarce know how.

She does a thousand kind things  
That no one knows;  
A loving woman's heart she brings  
To human woes;  
And to her face the sunlight clings  
Where'er she goes.

And so she walks her quiet ways  
With that content  
That only comes to saintly days  
And innocent;  
A life devoid of time or praise,  
Yet nobly spent.

—Pall Mall Gazette.

## A Lost Wager

By H. C. Staines

She has actually laid a wager that he will marry me before we start for Europe. One, two, nearly three months," said Mrs. Dayton, leaning back and laughing merrily. "Ah, me! I have had enough of matrimony, and my present life of freedom suits me."

"I admire the man's impudence," said her companion, Mrs. Harrington. "He has never seen you yet, has he?"

"No. Tell me exactly how it happened."

"Certainly! My husband invited his cousin, Harry Vaughan, George Coats and this irresistible Horace Cooke to dine with him yesterday. After presiding at dinner, I, of course, left the table after dessert; about an hour afterward I was passing through the hall, when I heard Mr. Cooke say:

"So this charming widow, Mrs. Dayton, has vowed never to marry again. I want a wife, and, from your description, I think she would suit me. What do you bet I do not make her break her vow?"

"Five hundred dollars," said Harry. "Done!" said Mr. Cooke. "When our party starts for Europe in May the charming widow will join the party as Mrs. Hugh Cooke."

"I went upstairs, but I determined to put you on your guard, for tonight, at our house, you will meet him."

"Never fear for me. I'll have him at my feet in a week," and again the silvery laugh rang through the drawing room.

Mrs. Harrington and Horace Cooke were standing a few hours later in the former's brilliantly lighted drawing room. There were beautiful women and handsome men all round them, but the star of the evening was not there. It was a fancy party, Mrs. Harrington, a lovely little blonde, in a piquant flower girl's dress, made quite a contrast to the tall, big-brained, wide-brimmed, whose fine figure and dark, handsome face suited well his dress.

"May I tell your fortune?" said a sweet, low voice beside the couple, and they turned.

One quick glance passed between the speaker and Mrs. Harrington, and then the hostess passed on to receive other guests.

"Stay, lady, let me tell your fortune," said the gipsy.

"No, tell my friend's," Mr. Cooke-I beg your pardon, Conrad-you will listen," and she moved away.

"Mr. Cooke's eyes were riveted upon his companion, and he mechanically offered his hand for her perusal.

She was a startlingly beautiful figure. Her scarlet skirt, short and full, was embroidered in gold with strong figures, and the tiny foot it left exposed was encased in a scarlet boot, embroidered in the same way. The body of the dress was of white muslin, made full, but cut so as to leave the neck and arms bare. A brilliant scarf was wound from the right shoulder to make a full bow at the left side. A turban of white was on the hair, which fell beneath it in rich black masses almost to the wearer's feet. A graceful figure, medium height, large black eyes, a rich, clear complexion, with a clear color, completed the picture.

"Your fortune," she added, as she dreamily scanned the palm of his hand, "to woo where you can—"

The waltzers whirled in between the couple, and when Mr. Cooke again looked the gipsy was gone. It was a long time before he saw her again; but at last he found her. She was standing alone near a table, lazily turning the leaves of a book. It was in a little sitting room leading from the drawing room, and she was its sole occupant.

"Will you not finish telling my fortune?" said he, coming in.

"Oh!" she said, "I dare not. My spell was so violently broken I am afraid to renew it."

"Afraid! I read your face wrongly. I should have said the spirit shining through your eyes scorned fear."

"So, while I studied your hand, you speculated about my face?"

"Could any one let such a face pass him and not try to read it?"

A low, mocking courtesy was the answer to the compliment. They stood an hour in the little room, and when Horace at length offered his arm to escort the lovely gipsy to the drawing room, he wished devoutly that the hour could have been doubled or multiplied indefinitely.

"Mrs. Harrington," said Mr. Cooke, meeting the hostess in the room, "when is the irresistible Mrs. Dayton expected to honor us?"

"Why," said Mrs. Harrington, "you have the irresistible Mrs. Dayton hanging on your arm. Has nobody introduced you yet? Let me do it. Mrs. Dayton, this is Mr. Cooke—Mr. Cooke, Mrs. Dayton. Now I hope you know each other."

Mrs. Dayton's eyes were fixed upon the carpet, but there was a world of mischief lurking in them, if her partner could have seen it.

"So I have, it seems, the enviable reputation of being irresistible," she said, at length.

"A reputation so well deserved as scarcely to merit repetition," was the reply.

A number of other gentlemen were by this time collected around Mrs. Dayton. Her skill as a fortune teller was now again called into requisition, and many a heavy laugh rang through the circle as the witty turns she gave to each one's cherished flirtation or, as they thought, silent admiration.

"May I see you home?" asked Horace, as the rooms began to thin.

"Sorry, but I am already engaged," "May I call to-morrow?"

"Ah! he intends to commence his siege in good time," thought the charming widow, as she gave permission.

The next morning the beautiful and witty widow looked even more lovely than on the previous evening. She received her guest with quiet, easy grace, and they chatted for some minutes on different subjects.

Then somebody made a remark upon the literature of the day, and from that they passed on to books. One author after another was discussed, quotations flew about as thickly as balloons, and each was really trying to lead the other into deep waters.

Mrs. Dayton's thought was: "This man is no fool, in spite of his impudent vanity."

Mr. Cooke was thinking: "What a mind. Horace, that wager must be won. It is worth more than \$500, my boy."

From books they passed on to music, and it was an easy transition to the grand piano in the corner. Mr. Cooke took his seat at the instrument to recall to her memory a favorite air. His voice was good, his accompaniment showed skill and taste, and, bent upon dazzling the widow, he sang with feeling and power.

"Do you remember this?" he asked, touching a few chords of a duet.

She replied by singing the first notes. She gradually let her voice out in all its rich beauty, and she blended with her. He sang low, listening intently.

At last he rose to take his leave, asking and receiving permission to call again, and Mrs. Dayton took up a book, then it was time to say good-bye. She was singing his song, walked out and returned home, wondering why she could not get "that man" out of her mind.

To say that their future intercourse was pleasant is a dull phrase to describe it. Each being bent upon making a conquest of the other, their best powers were exerted, their richest treasures of wit, accomplishment and thought displayed, and somehow Mr. Cooke began to feel ashamed of his wager, and Mrs. Dayton wished she had never seen Horace Cooke.

It was a lovely day in early spring that he called to take her for a ride, and found her sad and dispirited. Nothing would have made her confess it, but the gay little widow was in love.

They went out of the town, driving through an avenue of tall trees, when Mr. Cooke began to talk of love. It aroused the widow from her depression to ward the thrusts she felt he was making at her score.

"Love!" she said, scornfully. "Bah! A schoolboy's first passion, before he leaves pinfolds, is dignified with the name. An old man's dotage is called love."

"Yet the holiest, highest feeling of the heart of man in his prime of power has no higher name," said her companion.

"Man in his prime of power?" she repeated scornfully. "I'll tell you how it is with men. From the time they walk to school beside the hoydenish girl until they are seventy they fancy they are in love. Every pretty face calls forth the protestation of the passion; you just tried to dignify. They love fifty times, and to the fifty-first flame is offered the battered, worn-out heart as if it were brand new and fresh."

"You wrong us," he said, raised in his turn by her steady glance. "Though each admiration of boyhood and youth has a passing feeling, it is earnestness, and passes like a ripple on deep water. But when the depths of these waters are stirred by the hurricane of real love, not calling for a return, it at least merits sympathy and comfort; and he let his voice fall in a low, tender cadence.

Mrs. Dayton felt uncomfortable. The laughing response that rose to her lips died there. She longed to tell him her belief in his doctrine. They were going slowly along, each intent and thoughtful, when the scream of a locomotive startled the horse, and he dashed forward at full gallop.

There was a rush, a crash and they were on the roadside—the horse a mangled corpse, the carriage thrown violently back several feet. Mr. Cooke, insensible on the grass, and Mrs. Dayton on the other side of the road, uninjured.

Mrs. Dayton sat up, and with a nervous, hysterical laugh, called her companion's name. He did not answer. She went to his side. He was white, still, insensible, and she thought him dead. With a wild cry she raised his head to her breast, calling his name.

"Horace! dear Horace! only look at me!" she pleaded.

Then she looked around for help. There was no house in sight. Mrs. Dayton was not a woman to spend many moments in useless grief. She soon recovered her presence of mind. Her vinaigrette was hanging at her belt, and she tried its effects.

Her companion was only stunned, and in a few moments he was able to feel her hand on his brow, hear her voice in his ear. He kept perfectly still, his eyes closed and his breathing low. The most delicious ecstasy was holding him quiet. He did not speak, which would never before have been a word of preference; he was, as Mr. Cooke murmured, tenderly.

"Horace! dear Horace! speak to me, speak to me!"

His eyes opened, and he looked at her with a world of mischief lurking in them, if her partner could have seen it.

"So I have, it seems, the enviable reputation of being irresistible," she said, at length.

"A reputation so well deserved as scarcely to merit repetition," was the reply.

A number of other gentlemen were by this time collected around Mrs. Dayton. Her skill as a fortune teller was now again called into requisition, and many a heavy laugh rang through the circle as the witty turns she gave to each one's cherished flirtation or, as they thought, silent admiration.

"Mrs. Harrington," said Mr. Cooke, meeting the hostess in the room, "when is the irresistible Mrs. Dayton expected to honor us?"

"Why," said Mrs. Harrington, "you have the irresistible Mrs. Dayton hanging on your arm. Has nobody introduced you yet? Let me do it. Mrs. Dayton, this is Mr. Cooke—Mr. Cooke, Mrs. Dayton. Now I hope you know each other."

Mrs. Dayton's eyes were fixed upon the carpet, but there was a world of mischief lurking in them, if her partner could have seen it.

"So I have, it seems, the enviable reputation of being irresistible," she said, at length.

A tear fell upon his face. He opened his eyes. The next moment he regretted it, for he found his head on the grass, and Mrs. Dayton at least five feet from him.

"Are you hurt?" she asked, quietly. "Had he been dreaming? Was this the voice that had said: 'Horace! dear Horace!'"

He sat up. He was not hurt, only stunned, and in a few moments he stood beside her. Her veil was down, and he could not see her face.

"How are we to get home?" she asked, pointing to the dead horse and broken carriage.

Her voice trembled now, and as the wind blew aside her veil, he saw that her eyes bore traces of weeping.

Horace forgot his wager, forgot their awkward predicament, forgot everything but his love, and he poured it forth in broken, passionate words. Her heart throbbed high with ecstasy, for she was too great an adept in the art of flirtation herself not to be able to tell the voice of real feeling. Yet, as he went on, the scene with Mrs. Harrington occurred to her, and she stifled back the eager welcome her heart gave his words, and said, coldly: "Enough, enough, Mr. Cooke! I am sorry to cause you the loss of \$500, but Mrs. Dayton cannot accompany the European party as Mrs. Cooke."

Stung to the quick, Horace stood silent for a moment; then he said, in a low voice: "I was an impudent fool. Can you ever forgive me?"

"On one condition," she said smilingly. "Name it," he said, eagerly.

"That you pay your wager, own yourself beaten, and do not address one word of love to me until we return from Europe."

"I agree to the first two, but the last is very hard," he said, taking her hand.

"How are we to get home?" she asked again, abruptly.

"We must walk to the nearest house and then hire a carriage."

I will not tell you what they said in that long walk, but I know Horace paid his wager, and confessed himself beaten and bore the banter of his companions with great philosophy.

How the last clause was kept I know not; but early in the following autumn Mrs. Dayton became Mrs. Horace Cooke.—New York Weekly.

**Profitable Snake Hunting.**  
John C. Reeves, of Portland, Maine, known as "Dei," and having a National reputation as a rattlesnake hunter, has recently gained fresh laurels.

Last week thirty-six rattlers, ranging from fifteen inches to four and one-half feet in length, were killed by him in the Somerset Mountains, situated east of Portland. Seventeen of various lengths were killed within a space of about fifteen square feet.

Some of the large snakes had nine or ten rattles, while some of the smaller had but one or two. The snakes were beautifully striped. Ten baby rattlers were found huddled together near their nest, which was in a rock crevice.

Mr. Reeves captures his snakes by stealing up on them while they are basking in the sun and pinning them to the ground with a forked stick four or five feet in length. He then uses a club.

Mr. Reeves finds much sport in rattlesnake hunting, and also finds it very profitable. One dollar an ounce is realized from the oil. The skin nets him from twenty-five cents to \$2, and occasionally more for an unusually large one.—Hartford Courant.

**A Family Catch in South Dakota.**  
As we were going down town the other forenoon we saw a family and appendages catching a chicken for dinner. There was the man, the woman, the big daughter, the ten-year-old boy, the baby, the dog, and a great hulla-balloo of a racket. The initial move was an ear of corn, with which the man gently and slowly stroked the ground at his feet. Then there was the poisoning and the quick grab, which gave no return but a tail feather or so. And then the cry: "Run him down!"

Instantly every one was in motion. The young rooster cut across the garden, followed by the dog and the man. The prey darted through the lath fence; the dog bumped his nose against it; the man changed his course and crashed through the gate into the barnyard; the baby fell down in the mud puddle, the mother shook her apron and screamed. The small brother circled the haystack in pursuit, the big daughter stood with her every-day hat, the neighbors gaped out of their windows. On went the furious race until finally the panting bird ran his head into the haystack to get out of sight and was gobbling.—Elk Point (S. D.) Leader.

**Will Explore the Caspian Sea.**  
In a bulletin issued by the Society of Naturalists at St. Petersburg it is stated that a new expedition for the exploration of the Caspian Sea is to be sent out early this spring. It is a continuation of the Aral-Caspian expedition which worked some thirty years ago. The party will include such explorers as MM. Knipovich and Lebedinski, well known by their exploration of the White and the Black Seas. The chief aim of the expedition is the hydrobiological exploration of the Caspian Sea and the biology of the Caspian herring.

**Tea in Berlin.**  
The hereditary Princess of Wied, born a Princess of Wurtemberg, is now engaged in the endeavor to "engraft" upon Berlin an up-to-date social life, to quote the words of a circular which she has just issued to all the leading ladies of the German capital, urging them to organize "5 o'clock tea" receptions from 4 to 6.

These social gatherings are to be held, not at the private homes of the ladies, but at the Kaiserhof Hotel. The object of these "gemuthlichen Tassen Tees" is a charitable one, so that tickets are to cost eighteen pence.

**Lessening the Sentence.**  
A judge in Vienna recently had before him a prisoner against whom there were over 100 charges of theft. He was convicted of all of them, and if he had been convicted for the full term of punishment he would be doomed to 2500 years' imprisonment; but the judge's heart melted, and he passing sentence he took off 1000 years.

**The Cat's Cleanliness.**  
The most fastidious mammals in matters of the toilet are to be found among the members of the cat family, as all must be noticed in domestic tabbies. The rough tongue makes an excellent brush, while the sharp claws are on occasion employed by way of combs, all these invaluable aids to cleanliness and smartness possessing the further advantage of always being at hand when required.

A healthy cat is not only clean but is also very vain about her (or his) personal appearance. And moral degeneration in pussy is accompanied by neglect of personal grooming. The dog is as dirty as a boy may be, but the cat is as clean as a boy may be.

A Brussels expert, M. Paul Otlet, estimates that from the invention of printing in the middle of the fifteenth century to January, 1900, 12,168,000 different books have been issued. He also estimates that about 200,000 books are now annually used.

## A GIANT IN FEATHERS.

The Experience of Young  
Pierre Chartonne on  
Madagascar.

John R. Campbell in St. Nicholas.

PIERRE CHARTONNE was not by any means the least excited person in the French fleet which cast anchor in Rafala Bay, Madagascar, on a certain day some 200 years ago. Pierre was to go ashore for the first time in more than a year. The captain had promised that in the morning he would accompany the men who were going to look for fresh water.

The next morning, with his beloved blunderbuss borne upon his shoulder, Pierre stepped proudly on the beach, ready and anxious to meet the savage men and curious wild beasts he felt sure he was going to see.

Shortly before dinner time it was proposed that some of the sailors should try to shoot a few of the birds of which the forest seemed so full; for fresh meat to a sailor is one of the greatest of luxuries, and it seemed a pity to do without it when it was directly at hand. Here was an opportunity which Pierre did not let pass. He entreated his commanding officer so earnestly to let him be one of the shooting party that consent was given.

Pierre, blunderbuss in hand, and three sailors started for the forest.

An hour later, the three men hurried down to the beach laden with game, but without Pierre. Where he was they did not know; they had missed him more than half an hour before, and supposed he had returned to the beach.

"Here he is now," suddenly exclaimed one of the men.

And there, indeed, he was, hatless and in haste. As quickly as his short legs could carry him, he was tearing through the underbrush, and as he drew nearer the men on the beach could see that he was frightened.

When he reached the alarmed sailors, he sank, panting and exhausted, on the sand. To their hurried questions he could only gasp out, "After me!" and point to the forest. Whereupon they all gathered eagerly about him to hear his story.

"After we had gone about two miles into the forest," he began, "I left the others, because I thought we would see more game in two parties than in one."

"A little while after I had left them I saw what looked like a large round white stone in the thick brush. I thought I might as well find out what it was, and made my way to it, and I gave you my word, it was a great big egg—almost as big as a tar-bucket."

I made up my mind to carry it back to the ship, but while I stood with it in my arms, brushing off the dirt that was on the under side, I heard a rustling in the bushes, and I thought there must have been a big bird to lay that enormous egg, and then I shook so that I nearly dropped the egg."

"I got behind a tree near by and stooped down so I could see through the bushes what kind of a bird was coming."

"I never saw such a thing in my life before! Maybe you won't believe me, but that bird made so much noise as it came through the bushes that I thought it was a herd of cattle. And when it came to where I could see it, each of its legs looked as big around as my leg, and it was as tall as a small tree. And such a look as it had!"

"I went directly to the spot where the egg had been, and then I was frightened for I knew if I caught me with the egg I'd be eaten up in a minute. But I didn't dare to move. When the monstrous creature missed the egg, it set up an awful squawk. Then I dropped the egg and ran in the direction that seemed the clearest of trees."

"The bird ran, too, for I could hear it crashing through the bushes, and I expected every minute to be taken in its big mouth. By and by I couldn't any more, and fell down, when five big birds similar to the one I had already seen came leaping along straight at me."

"I lifted my gun, but before I could shoot, the first bird had run over me and knocked me down."

"I jumped up and ran, and I didn't stop running till I found you, and here I am."

"Is that all?" asked one of the men, sarcastically, when Pierre had ceased speaking.

"Yes," answered the boy.

"Well," said the man, "if I were going to make up a yarn I'd try to have it reasonable, or end in something exciting."

"But I didn't make it up!" exclaimed Pierre, indignantly.

"All I'm sorry for," said one of the men, "is that he didn't bring the egg with him. It would have made such a rare object."

As long as Pierre lived he was known as Big Bird Pierre, for he could get nobody to believe him. Since his time, however, more has been learned of Madagascar, the island where Pierre landed; and though nobody has seen a living bird such as Pierre described, eggs and skeletons of birds have been found, and judging from them, it is no wonder that the little French boy was frightened.

The egg is larger than a football and would, it is calculated, hold as much as 100 eggs. As for the bird, it was of the same family as the ostrich, but was more than twice as tall, and proportionately heavier, so that, towering as it did a man's height above the tallest elephant, it must have been a startling bird to see for the first time unexpectedly.

The aporys, as the bird is called, does not exist now. Mr. Wallace, the great naturalist, thinks that all the indications are that it may have lived within the last two centuries.

A Brussels expert, M. Paul Otlet, estimates that from the invention of printing in the middle of the fifteenth century to January, 1900, 12,168,000 different books have been issued. He also estimates that about 200,000 books are now annually used.

**The Cat's Cleanliness.**  
The most fastidious mammals in matters of the toilet are to be found among the members of the cat family, as all must be noticed in domestic tabbies. The rough tongue makes an excellent brush, while the sharp claws are on occasion employed by way of combs, all these invaluable aids to cleanliness and smartness possessing the further advantage of always being at hand when required.

A healthy cat is not only clean but is also very vain about her (or his) personal appearance. And moral degeneration in pussy is accompanied by neglect of personal grooming. The dog is as dirty as a boy may be, but the cat is as clean as a boy may be.

A Brussels expert, M. Paul Otlet, estimates that from the invention of printing in the middle of the fifteenth century to January, 1900, 12,168,000 different books have been issued. He also estimates that about 200,000 books are now annually used.

**The Cat's Cleanliness.**  
The most fastidious mammals in matters of the toilet are to be found among the members of the cat family, as all must be noticed in domestic tabbies. The rough tongue makes an excellent brush, while the sharp claws are on occasion employed by way of combs, all these invaluable aids to cleanliness and smartness possessing the further advantage of always being at hand when required.

A healthy cat is not only clean but is also very vain about her (or his) personal appearance. And moral degeneration in pussy is accompanied by neglect of personal grooming. The dog is as dirty as a boy may be, but the cat is as clean as a boy may be.

A Brussels expert, M. Paul Otlet, estimates that from the invention of printing in the middle of the fifteenth century to January, 1900, 12,168,000 different books have been issued. He also estimates that about 200,000 books are now annually used.

**The Cat's Cleanliness.**  
The most fastidious mammals in matters of the toilet are to be found among the members of the cat family, as all must be noticed in domestic tabbies. The rough tongue makes an excellent brush, while the sharp claws are on occasion employed by way of combs, all these invaluable aids to cleanliness and smartness possessing the further advantage of always being at hand when required.

A healthy cat is not only clean but is also very vain about her (or his) personal appearance. And moral degeneration in pussy is accompanied by neglect of personal grooming. The dog is as dirty as a boy may be, but the cat is as clean as a boy may be.

A Brussels expert, M. Paul Otlet, estimates that from the invention of printing in the middle of the fifteenth century to January, 1900, 12,168,000 different books have been issued. He also estimates that about 200,000 books are now annually used.

## PACER OF RECENT ORIGIN.

No Pacing Horses of Consequence in the North Until 1878.

Although pacing antedates trotting by several hundred years, and the first harness race horses on this continent were the Narragansett pacers, it is curious to observe that the popularity of pacing races is of comparatively recent origin. Descendants of the Narragansett were seen in the States bordering on the Atlantic Ocean years before, as well as at the time when trotting races first received popular approval on Long Island, at Boston, Philadelphia, Trenton and other points in the Eastern States. These pacers, as a rule, were very speedy, but for some reason the public did not care for pacing races, and except at some unimportant meetings, where contests between local pacers and trotters were arranged, there were no pacing races of any consequence in the Northern States until 1878.

Notwithstanding the fact that the development of the pacer was handicapped by reason of there being no classes made for him in the early history of light harness racing, still there were people in those days who loved the lateral gait, and occasionally fitted a horse of this kind for racing. Although until the past few years the trotters acquiring standard records outnumbered the pacers many times, yet from the beginning the pacing gait has ever been the faster.

What effect the barring of the pacer from racing contests and the prejudice against him by prominent breeders and horsemen had upon the evolution of the two-minute harness horse years before he finally appeared is a matter of conjecture. But that many of the performers who are compelled to adopt an unnatural trotting gait by wearing so much weight on their front feet as greatly to handicap their speed development, would have made much lower records at pacing than they did at trotting there is no doubt. Sun-gler was a natural pacer, and it was said could show two-minute speed at the pace when not carrying weight. But, as when he was at the meridian of his prowess, the trotting gait was the more popular, he was made to carry fully two pounds on each front foot in order to make him trot, and yet with this burden he trotted a mile and acquired a record of 2:35, which was at least ten seconds slower than his known ability at the pacing gait when not thus handicapped.—Illustrated Sporting News.

**The Shetland Pony.**  
When at home the pony is left very much to himself, and during his earlier years runs wild. But he is easily reformed, and speedily abandons his wild and odd ways and becomes a devoted friend of man and an admirable worker. So great is their affection for the ponies that the islanders never kill them, but when they are too old for work they allow them to return to the fields and hills and live out the rest of their days in peace. Sometimes the old animals in their wanderings for food, will fall over cliffs and so perish. They still reach the age of thirty years or more in their native land, and there is a case on record—but it is probably apocryphal—of a Shetland which lived to be a hundred years old.

Like every other good thing for which a demand has arisen, the price of Shetland has increased in recent years. There has been for a considerable period a large export trade in the ponies, of which there were at one time 10,000 in the islands, but, according to Government returns, the number is now about half. In the eighteenth century it was possible to obtain a good Shetland for fifty shillings (about \$12), and the average price in 1800 was \$3 more. Half a century ago a pony could be bought for from \$7 to \$30, but in 1871 males ranged from \$40 to \$50, the mares fetching only half that sum, as they were not suitable for pit work, for which the Shetlands were mostly needed. Since then prices have greatly advanced, and large sums are obtained for choice specimens of the pony, especially when they are wanted for children's use. A yearling will now command from \$50 upward. The Shetland cannot be worked until it is three or four years old, and does not reach maturity until it is aged eight or nine years.—Illustrated Sporting News.

**Watches Slower at Night.**  
You know that the vital energies are at lower ebb at night than in the daytime," said an old watchmaker.

"Would you believe that some watches—especially the cheaper ones—are similarly affected?"

"You know a good watchmaker always waits several days in which to regulate a timepiece. That is because the only way to regulate it properly is to compare it with a chronometer at the same hour every day. Otherwise the variations in the speed of the watch will baffle his efforts."